

THE LITTLE JUNTO.

In the YEAR 1732.

TOM and HARRY and KENTISH TOTTIE,
And DICK in *Advertisements witty!*
Met, to unite the Church of G—d,
But, their Way was very odd.

Two of their Colleagues they reject,
As, in their Eyes, of no effect :
And of their Other Brethren, Many
Who've Legal Right, when They have ANY.
But Healing GEORGE ! tho' at Great Distance,
Helps JUNTO out with his Assistance :
DICK must therefore have Commission,
To represent him at the Session :
[If we should call it by That Name,
Which to allow, it were a Shame.]

Then up to Town comes Legate D—o—
Once a B—t—gar's swearing Rector.

And when this little Junto met,
Of coalescing they did treat :
Treat they did, but very oddly,
As be'ng illegal and ungodly ;
For, says TOM, their Moderator,
Their Prompter, and their chief Dictator,
Though not all a *Consecrator :

" I know Friend Harry will refuse
" To practise those Things we do use.
" The PUBLICK MIXTURE he declines,
" Though practis'd by the first Divines,
" As our Saviour's Institution :
" Yet suits not with his Constitution ;
" To PRAY for those that do DEPART,
" He takes to be a Popish Art :
" The HOLY-GHOST TO INVOCATE,
" When the Priest do's consecrate

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† In the North. * No. B —

" The

" The Elements of Bread and Wine,
 " Is no Appointment that's Divine.
 " Than OFFER THEM TO G—D THE FATHER :
 " Calvinist he would turn rather.
 " This is the Sense of *beneft Harry*,
 " He hates them like an *Ave-Mary* ;
 " Sure I am, it is his Notion ;
 " Come, let us join then in his Motion,
 " To THROW THOSE USAGES ASIDE :
 " But tell the People, they're supply'd :
 " And think upon some new *Presence*,
 " To give the *Liturgy* a Sense
 " Unknown to the first *Reformers*,
 " But must be us'd by us *Conformers* ;
 " And b'DECLARATION AND INTENTION,
 " We may support this NEW INVENTION."
 Thus, by the first Words he had spoke,
 He shew'd himself a Weather-Cock,
 And threw up th'Beauties of his + Book.
 " Come Doctor, let us know your Mind ?
 " And tell what Method you can find,
 " To make the People somewhat easy ;
 " Or else they'll think we're in a Prenzy.
 The Doctor smoks and blows his Pipe ;
3
 [Answer yet he was not ripe.]
 " Hum, ha, hum, I am at a Loss,
 " For this Attempt proves very croſſ :
 " It is a hard difficult Task,
 " But must be done ſince you do ask.
 When he had rub'd, and beat his Brow,
 And given it a Knock or two,
 He rear'd him in his Elbow Chair,
 That his Brethren might him hear.
 " Now it is come into my Pate,
 " For, I have thought upon't of late ;
 " Before our Book there is a Clause,
 " Enacted by our Statute-Laws,
 " That gives a Pow'r to ev'ry B——p,
 " To chop and change his Way of Worship ;
 " And ſince this Clause will fit our Caſe,
 " Pray, change and alter as you please."

When the *Kensib Trimmer* thus reply'd,
 And 'greed to lay the Things aside ;
 Old Harry then laugh'd in his Sleeve ;
 For, he could make his Flock believe.

+ Necessity of an Alteration, &c,



(3)

That to *Scroop Court* he brought them o'er,
 Though he is what he was before ;
 And never meant, nor yet intended,
 To have his Liturgy amended.

To th' Points agreed they set their Hands,
 But davn't impose them as Commands ;
 For, well 'tis known, their Pow'r's not such
 As can oblige the *English Church*.

They send their Scheme to *Sussex Brother*,
 Whose + FIRST RESOLVR might make a Pothecy,
 He, there not hearing *Pro and Con*,
 To put his Name was easil'y won.

And now, good Sirs, if you wou'd know
 Th' Articles of their Rares-Show,
 Gallantee-Show, that's very pretty,
 The Offspring of a Brain that's witty,
 I shall proceed to set them down,
 Intirely as they are their own.

A R T I C L E I.

" We declare ; ' though we retain,
 (No Body need of it complain)'
 " The whole Title of the Pray'r,
 " For the Church sojourning here,
 " Yet the Clause, *That we wish them*
 " SHALL BE UNDERSTOOD, the same
 " With the Pray'r said by the Priest,
 " When he's interring the Deceast."

R E M A R K.

This is the Cream of Contradiction,
 Worse than a Fable, or a Fiction :
 For the Dead pretend to pray,
 When the Title tells us nay !
 Their " SHALL BE UNDERSTOOD" does not
 Mend the Matter in a Jot.
Notum igitur sit Cunctis,
 No Pray'r *pro vivis ET DEFUNCTIS.*
 To all Men then let it be known,
 For live AND DEAD Pray'r they have none.

A R T I C L E II.

" We do declare, that when the Church
 " Appoints the Priest to take so much
 " Of Bread and Wine, as is suffic'ent,
 " That nothing there may be deffic'ent :

† See *Indispensable Obligation*, p. 66, 67.

(4)

" And in the Oblatory Pray'r,
" Where we desire of GOD to hear
" And accept of our Oblations,
(With the rest of our Devotions;)
" INTENDS that he our GOD shou'd honour,
" As of those Things the Sov'reign Donor;
" And offer them in ORDER TO
(What he should be about to do.)
" The Sacrificial Ministrations,
" And that, in Commemoration
" Of our Saviour's Death and Passion,
" According to his Institution."

R E M A R K.

A Declaration void of Sense,
For which they can have no pretence;
Because they ne'er attain the Ends
To which the Article pretends,
For, an INTENTION without ACT,
Is a Chimera, not a FACT:
And this can be no great Surprize,
As they offer not the Sacrifice:
But th' Elements of Bread and Wine,
Before they are become Divine.

A R T I C L E III.

" HERE, we likewise do declare,
" That in the Consecration Pray'r,
" Where the Church do's so beseech
" The Father, in a moving Speech,
" To grant, when we receive this Food,
" Christ's Flesh may eat, and drink his Blood,
" INTENDS to bless, that is to pray,
" That GOD wou'd bless, and sanctify
" Th'Elements, we before had offer'd,
" And as his own, to him them proffer'd."

R E M A R K.

O Thou INTENTION! lucky Word,
That cuts as keen as any Sword; *cut'st*
That can't untie the hardest Knot,
And make Things be, where they are not;
Can't make that which has no Existence,
Immediately become a Substance:
And of a mere Imagination,
Can't make the Genuine Invocation.
As many Wonders thou can't do,
As the Pope and all his Crew.

(5)

O happy Souls ! that found thee out,
To bring their Unity ! about.
Yet, Rev'rend Sirs, pray give me leave
Your Article to disbelieve,
And tell you, here's no Invocation
Express'd, nor yet by *Implication*.
No, not by this your new Invention
Of DECLARATION and INTENTION : R.
But if you e'er thus find it out,
I'll be your Convert, without doubt.

A R T I C L E . I V .

" We agree, that with the Wine,
(But privately is our Design)
" A little Water shall be mix'd,
" Before it's on the Altar fix'd."

R E M A R K .

This is a Promise, and no more,
Which nothing do's at all secure;
For, if the Priest should it neglect,
There's not a Soul can him dese~~e~~.
Indeed, we rather may suppose,
That they who th'Mixture did oppose,
Will not at all be brought to this,
But think th'Omission's not amiss.

A R T I C L E . V .

" To consecrate we do agree,
" More than will sufficient be,
" That there never be Occasion
" For a second || Consecration."

R E M A R K .

This they may do, if they please
The Baker of his Loaves to ease ;
And even drink the Vintner dry,
If their Stomachs are not shy :
But if a Priest shou'd prove so resty
(In his Zeal for Rubrick Duty),
As not to consecrate so much,
To serve the Members of the Church ;
Then, I'm certain, this Provision,
Will never answer their Decision.

|| A defamatory Reflection upon the Goodness of the
Rubrick for Second Consecrations,

And

And now, if they can mend the Matter,
 And make their Scheme look something better,
 I shall be glad, and will allow it ;
 But, " WE INTEND " will never do it.

Thus, inspir'd with *Calvin's Fire*,
 This little *Junto* did conspire,
 To mutilate, to change, and alter
 The sacred Worship of the Altar ;
 And by their bullying Bravados,
 Became a Set of Reformados.
 But when they enter'd into Bands,
 And of Religion wash'd their Hands ;
 There arose a new Debate,
 Which was manag'd with some Heat :
 It was: Who to the Congregation
 Shou'd make known their *Declaration* ;
 And on the Nature of it preach,
 And th'backward Way the People teach.

Tom.] " R. Rev'rend Sir, you've been their **Leader*,
 " A *Legum Doctor's* a good Pledger ;
 " Therefore, I think, it's very fit,
 " To you this Office we commit.

Dr.] " Hold, good Sir, This I refuse,
 " I must go Home, and see my Spouse ;
 " Here's her Letter in my Hands,
 " I will obey, since she commands :
 " I leave that Province to your Care,
 " Then cry aloud, and do not spare ;
 " Since many Years you were their Pastor,
 " Their Inclinations you can Master.

Tom.] " I won't do it; but know a Person ;
 " One of *Elegance* and *Reason*,
 " Who by his learn'd elab'rare Theme,
 " Can bring them over to our Scheme.
 " It is our Rev'rend Brother Ca——te,

" A Man of *Judgment*, and of *Art*.
 At this the Doctor was well pleas'd,
 As of the Yoke his Neck had eas'd ;
 And home he goes, to tell the News,
 To " Biddy" his dear and loving Spouse,

Six Weeks after, or somewhat more,
 As they determin'd it before,

Friend C— it come to the House of G—d,
 To give the Flock a change of Food :
 But there he preach'd a bum drun Sermon,
 On which ne'er fell the Dew of Hermon.
 It made some Sneer, some cry'd out fie,
 Some fell into a Ha, ha, bie,
 And made them act a Part of + Speech,
 Though of good Manners thought a Breach;
 Since present was the LONDON Doctor,
 The Northern B—p's Procurator,
 Where he sat close, with his Face vail'd,
 To have his Character conceal'd,
 Or else, because it was a Shame,
 The Union Sermon was so lame.

As this Discourse had no Effect,
 The People shewing no great respect ;
 Prepar'd there was a long Harangue,
 Still to gain them to the Gang. 1 a
 The Sunday, next before September,
 I think it was, if I remember,
 That their fluent, constant Preacher ;
 Once their true and faithful Teacher,
 Labour'd hard, them to preserve,
 And make them yield, without reserve,
 Both their Reason and their Judgment,
 And believe this new Agreement
 To be sound Divinity,
 As he wou'd prove it now to be ;
 But, when this he went abour,
 They say, he made a horrid Rout,
 Was like to break his Desk asunder,
 By preaching like a Son of Thunder ;
 And throwing his Sophistry about,
 To manage this his new Dispute :
 And that the more he might prevail,
 He, in his furious, fiery Zeal,
 A certain Person calls a * D—l,
 (An Epithet that is not civil.)
 And consignes all unto Dam—sion,
 Who dare oppose their Defor—tion.
 Some say, by Candle, Book, and B—ll,
 He curs'd them to the Pit of H—ll,
 If their B—p they should leave,
 And not his Articles receive.

For then, says he, " You'll be Schismaticks,
 " As bad as those we call Fanaticks :
 " For they who are without a Bishop,
 " Their God can never purely worship."

Good Sir, it's true, if they were so :
 Thus they are not, you too well know.
 What from your Tongue does therefore fly,
 Your Conscience tells you is a Lye :
 Alas ! when you've your Bishop's number'd,
 For each of yours, they'll tell an hundred :
 With empty Noise you then then But rattle,
 When with Untruths you make such Prattle.
 Such Doctrine, and such Countermotions,
 Inspir'd the People with odd Notions,
 And made them stand in a Surprize ;
 And think what Name they could devise,
 To call these Mens Religion by,
 Since th'old Religion they deny ;
 Nay, many of them cou'd not tell,
 Whether they'd any, or none at all.

But, as I'm weary of this Story,
 And for th'Occasion of it sorry ;
 Therefore I'll of it make an end,
 And no more Time, nor Paper spend.
 But, since perhaps; you may me ask,
 (And think it no difficult Task)
 To tell what might the Isiss be,
 Of their pretended Unity ?
 I'll tell you without Hesitation,
 Without a Querk, or Reservation ;
 For once I will be with you free,
 Of Two Communions, they've made Three.

F I N I S.

